

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

White text appears over a black background.

TITLE

To Sarah, that wonderful lady in
white who has forever haunted my
dreams.

Wherever you are, whenever you are,
I love you.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mark tosses the script onto the desk as he leans back in his chair. James sits across from him, angry and frustrated.

MARK

It's not good enough. You're dialog
is great as always, but the
characters are bland, the setting
cliche. I know you can do better
than this.

James picks the script up off the table. He flips through the pages, his eyes closing over the many notes covering it's pages in red ink.

MARK (CONT'D)

Sci-Fi is a tough market right now.
You have to do more to set yourself
apart.

James sets the script in his lap, defeated.

MARK (CONT'D)

You have talent, James, no one
doubts that. You simply have to do
better on the finer details.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Adam sits at a booth wearing a short green jacket and jeans. He calmly reads a folded newspaper while string his coffee with a spoon. James storms into the diner, crashing down into the bench opposite Adam. He slams down the rejected script on the table, rattling the silverware.

Adam stops mid stir, removing the spoon from his coffee. He fluffs the paper as he sets the spoon down on a napkin.

ADAM
(Sarcastic)
Rough day?

Adam ask without looking up from his paper.

JAMES
It's bullshit.

Adam calmly sets down his paper in favor of the scrip, plucking from the its spot on the table amidst napkins and silverware.

ADAM
That's a lot of red ink.

JAMES
He said I need to practice the finer points. The hell does he know, never written a day in his life.

ADAM
He has read a lot, you know, as an agent.

JAMES
Fuck you.

James says to Adam as a waitress circles around to their table. James looks out the window into the street beyond.

SHANNON
Pleasant as always, James.

JAMES
(Dismissive)
Shannon.

He flicks head back to the waitress, giving her the customary greeting before returning to the window.

ADAM
Shannon.

Adam says with a smile, picking up the menu.

Shannon rolls her eyes in reply.

SHANNON
What can I get you?

She groans as Adam's eyes flutter of the menu.

ADAM
I'll take the special.

SHANNON
(Sarcastic)
Big surprise. How do you want your
eggs?

ADAM
Over easy. And can you ask them not
to over cook the bacon?

SHANNON
Sure.

She says, already turning her attention to James.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
What do you want?

James turns away from the window, as if remembering where he
is.

JAMES
Uh, nothing for me. Thanks.

SHANNON
It's a diner. You're not going to
eat anything.

JAMES
No thanks. Maybe some coffee.

SHANNON
Sure.

She says, taking the menus and disappearing off toward the
counter.

ADAM
You should eat something.

JAMES
I'll eat back at the apartment.

ADAM
All we have in the apartment is
milk and bread.

JAMES
I'm pretty sure that milk is
cottage cheese.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm not hungry.

ADAM

You going to let one bad draft ruin your whole day?

JAMES

I'm going to let it ruin my week.

It's not only that. I got chewed out by Mr. Waleed again.

ADAM

For?

JAMES

I was late.

ADAM

What the fuck man?

JAMES

I got distracted working on the script.

ADAM

How late were you?

JAMES

Almost an hour.

ADAM

You keep it up he's going to fire you.

JAMES

In know, I know...

ADAM

Where you gonna find another job if you lose that one.

JAMES

I won't.

He says as Shannon circles back around with a tray of food. She slides Adam's plate in front of him, and pours James a cup of coffee. As quickly as she came, she's gone.

Adam picks up the bacon, holding the crispy strips between two fingers as if it were a strange specimen. He pulls his hand away, letting the bacon drop back down onto the plate.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What?

ADAM

It's crispy.

JAMES

It's bacon.

Adam ignores the bacon in disgust, turning his attention to the eggs. James reaches across the table, snatching a piece of bacon from Adam's plate. He bites of an angry piece as he gaze drifts out the window.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is dark and quiet, lit only by a distant light in the kitchen and the faint glow of a laptop.

James sits on the couch, his laptop open on the coffee table in front of him as he types away. The mutilated script lay next to it, flipped open. His hands rise from the keyboard to rub his weary eyes. He slumps back against the couch, staring at the screen.

His eyes blink closed as he struggles to stay awake.

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

James lays in a large bed, sleeping soundly. His head sits comfortably on the pillow as the morning sunlight fills the room, aided by a few small lamps.

He freezes, his eyes snapping open as he realizes he should be on an stiff couch has opposed to a comfy bed. Caught by sudden panic, James scurries into a sitting position, his eyes flying wildly around the unfamiliar room.

A beautiful women stands in the bathroom wearing a black business skirt and white blouse. Sarah swipes a foundation brush across her cheeks as James scurries into the upright position.

She gives James a half glance through the doorway as his wide eyes sit transfixed on her.

SARAH

You okay?

He doesn't respond. His chest heaves with frightened breathes as his tongue lay stuck in his mouth. Worried that he hasn't answered she turns away from the mirror and into the doorway.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Babe?

Upon seeing him her concern grows.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

She takes a step toward the bed to comfort him, only to be stopped in her tracks as James is driven into the head board by his fear.

JAMES

Who are you?

Sarah is understandably shocked at the question.

SARAH

Wh-Who am I? Is that a joke?

She takes another step towards him, stopped once again as he holds up defense hand, warning her to stay back.

JAMES

Don't come anywhere near me.

He slides out of the bed, making sure to never to take his eyes off her. Perplexed she leans back against the door frame, folding her arms across her chest.

SARAH

What's gotten in to you?

JAMES

I want to know who you are, and where I am. I want to know right now.

He tries Sarah's patience so early in the morning with his silly games.

SARAH

I'm your wife. This is your house.

JAMES

How did you get into my apartment, how did you get me here. Did you drug me?

SARAH

Drug you? What? This is insane. Stop it, James, this isn't funny.

JAMES

You're damn right it isn't funny.
The police won't think so either.

James head flicks wildly around the room as he looks for his things.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What have you don't with my phone,
with my clothes?

SARAH

Wha- What are talking about? What
clothes?

JAMES

Give me my phone!

Sarah's face flashes with anger, momentarily wiping away her concern.

SARAH

(Hushed)

Lower your voice! You'll wake Cat.

JAMES

I don't care about some stupid cat.
I want my phone, and I want my
things and I want you tell me what
the hell is going on.

Catherine raises her hands away from her chest in frustration.

SARAH

A cat?

Not a cat you moron, Cat.
Catherine? You're daughter.

JAMES

My... What?

Her anger and frustration bleeds away. Replaced with concern for her husband.

SARAH

You're... daughter. How do you...
how do you not know who we are?

James stares back at her. Frightened and lost.

SARAH (CONT'D)
For god's sake look at your hand.
I'm your wife.

James looks down at the simple golden band on his left ring finger.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you? It's like
you're not even yourself.

As soon as the words have crossed her lips the realization hits her. She rolls her head in weary understanding.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Oh god. Of course.

She walks over to the front of the bed, sitting on it's edge. Across from her is a dresser with a large mirror on top. Her tired head falls into her hands.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I had forgotten. It was so long
ago.

JAMES
What was so long ago?

She looks over at him with a tired and loving smile.

SARAH
You poor thing. How frightened you
must be.

Come here.

She pats beside her on the bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It's okay. I won't bite.

She says, as if addressing a scarred stray animal.

James slowly walks over to the foot of the bed, keeping his eyes on her, wary that's it all part of a larger ruse.

He sits down on the bed, still looking at her. She smiles, looking into his eyes. She stares into the eyes of the man she married, left only to wonder about the man inside.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Look at the mirror, James.

His head turns toward the mirror, but stops to keep eye contact with her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Go on.

She encourages. James takes his eyes off hers, trusting her in this moment. His eyes drift to his reflection in the mirror. He sees his face, but it's older by at least a decade. His hair is thinner, his eyes darker with a weight that wasn't there before. He looks tired, too many nights with too few hours of sleep.

His hands come to his face, their touch confirming what he sees.

JAMES

What is this? Makeup?

What's happened to me?

She chuckles at him, amused his rejection of the face before him.

SARAH

You got old. We all did.

She puts her hand over his, a loving gesture of comfort between wife and husband. James pulls his hand away in rejection.

JAMES

No. No this is some kind of sick joke.

He jumps up from the bed, turning to face his accuser.

SARAH

James.

JAMES

No. Shut up. I'm calling the police. This is bullshit.

SARAH

It's the truth.

JAMES

That's not possible. You can't just, just go to sleep in the past and wake up in the future.

SARAH

You're panicking-

JAMES
(Yelling)
You're damn right I'm panicking!

SARAH
(Sharply)
Voice.

Look.

She swipes her hand in the air. The mirror above the dresser turns on, revealing it to be a TV. She make another gesture with her hand, closing her fore fingers and thumb like a bird's mouth to mute the newscaster on the mirror, who reads the days top headlines.

JAMES
What in the hell...

He collapses back onto the bed, his eyes transfixed on the mirror.

JAMES (CONT'D)
How is any of this...

SARAH
I don't know.

JAMES
Am I stuck here? Is this my life now?

SARAH
No. No honey. I-

She struggles to remember.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You explained it to me. A long time ago, after you proposed. You didn't want us to get married without me knowing. Said it wouldn't be fair, that you had this, this condition.

James turns away from the mirror to look at Sarah. She looks back up at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You told me this would happen. That one day you wouldn't know anything. You'd be a stranger in your own body.

She looks away from him, trying to think, to remember.

I laughed. I believed you I guess.
I don't know. After all these years
I forgot about it. Didn't think
It'd ever happen.

JAMES
So this is he future, my future?
And you're my wife?

SARAH
Afraid so.

James looks back at the talking head in the mirror.

JAMES
This is fucking weird.

SARAH
I can't say you didn't warn me.

JAMES
I don't even know your name.

SARAH
(Serious)
You can't know it.

James looks back at her.

JAMES
What do you mean I can't know it?

SARAH
You can't know anything about the
future. It could change to much.

JAMES
Does changing it matter? It's not
like I'm killing Hitler.

SARAH
Of course it matters.

You screw something up, take a
different path, we never meet. Our
daughter is never born.

I love you. I don't want anything
to ruin what we have.

You can't remember anything about
this. Can't act on anything you
learn while here.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

You need to go back and go about
your life as you always would have.

JAMES

Yeah but if I told you about this,
then it already happened. Which
would mean I already knew about it.
So the info couldn't have hurt?
Right?

SARAH

Unless the first time you didn't
act on it.

JAMES

But then how would I the second
time? Shouldn't it be a stable time
loop?

James shakes his head in frustration.

JAMES (CONT'D)

This is giving me a headache.

What am I supposed to do today? I
imagine I have a job or something.
I can't walk around asking
everybody what the hell I'm
supposed to be doing.

SARAH

I'll call in sick for you. Try
laying back down. Maybe you can
sleep, switch back.

JAMES

Okay.

James says, mind buzzing.

SARAH

I need to go check on... our
daughter.

Sarah says getting off the bed.

JAMES

Catherine.

SARAH

No.

She says turning around.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Rachel. Amy. Vanessa. You can
remember nothing. Now go to bed.

James slides back farther onto the bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Oh, and no TV. No memorizing stocks
or anything.

James holds up his hands, to show he won't. He slips beneath the covers as Sarah opens the door. She looks back at him as he lays his head down on the pillow, his eyes open with far too much energy to sleep.

His eyes grow heavy with a sudden weariness. He sleeps.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

James lays on the couch, his head buried into the crevice of the couch to shield him from the sunlight filling the apartment. Adam stands over him, looking down at him with disappointment.

He grabs James by the shoulder, lightly shaking him awake. James smacks at the hand while rolling deeper into the couch.

ADAM
Come on man, wake up.

Adam taps his arm again. James gives up trying to go back to sleep and rolls over to face Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You fall asleep out here again?

JAMES
(Groggy)
Yeah. I was writing.

James face changes as he remembers his visit with his future wife.

ADAM
You okay?

JAMES
I had the weirdest dream last
night.

ADAM
You want to talk about it?

JAMES

Not really.

ADAM

Okay. Well your brother's downstairs in the diner. Wants to talk to you.

JAMES

(Sarcastic)

Great. Just what I need.

ADAM

He may be an, he's still your brother.

Adam says walking away towards his room. James sits up, rubbing the sleep out of his face. His eyes drift to his still open laptop.

His script from the night before is gone, in its place is a note.

FUTURE JAMES (V.O.)

So that happened. I am really sorry about that. I'd offer some empty sympathy, but I remember pretty clearly what it was like.

(Chuckles)

It's rather funny now, looking back on it. Thinking we had been kidnapped. Bet you can't believe how hot our wife is, smart too. It'll change your life when you meet her.

Oh, as for outside confirmation of this whole thing, Joseph is going to offer you a job at his firm.

Take it.

James stares at the laptop for a good long while. Perplexed and plagued with quiet doubts of fear. He snaps out of it, remembering his brother downstairs. He closes the laptop and heads for the door.

EXT. DINER - MORNING

James descends the steps onto the city street. His cold hands find comfort against the morning cold in his pockets.

Looking around he sees his brother, Joseph, standing in front of the diner.

Joseph is dressed in a sharp, slim suit, his hair combed over and gelled to the side. Joseph plays with his cell phone as James looks around. Joseph looks up from his phone as his brother reaches the sidewalk. The two nod in greeting as Joseph slips his phone casually in his pocket, a charming smile spreading across his face.

JOSEPH

Sleep in?

JAMES

Fuck off.

JOSEPH

That's nice.

JAMES

What do you want, Joe?

JOSEPH

I can't stop by to see my brother?

JAMES

It's nine thirty on a Wednesday.
You're normally either neck deep in
your boss's ass or trying to worm
into some secretary's skirt by
telling them you're about to make
partner.

JOSEPH

What? No. Chasing secretaries is
obviously an afternoon sport.

I took the morning off, thought I'd
have breakfast with my little bro.

What do you say?

He says with a flick of the head toward the diner.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Hungry?

JAMES

(Utterly Indifferent)
Sure, why not.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

James and Joseph sit across from one another in the same booth that James was in before. James lounges in the booth, looking around the diner and out the window, his menu sitting on the table in front of him unopened.

Joseph sits across from him with his legs neatly in front of him, idly browsing the menu. Without looking up from it he takes a sip from his coffee and immediately grimaces as it touches his lips.

JOSEPH

That is awful. How do you drink this stuff.

JAMES

With my mouth.

JOSEPH

Cute.

JAMES

Sorry they don't have french press. I guess you'll have to wait until you're back at the office for the fancy stuff.

JOSEPH

Why do you hate my job so much?

He ask as Shannon circles back to the table.

SHANNON

You ready to order?

JOSEPH

Um, yes. I'll have the eggs, scrambled, with the bacon and toast, wheat if you have it.

SHANNON

(To James)

Okay. What about you?

JAMES

I don't care. You pick.

SHANNON

Pancakes it is.

She says with a smile as she picks up the menus and dashed off toward the kitchen.

JOSEPH

She's cute. Where was I? Oh, the office. What's your problem with an office. It's air conditioned, the people are great. It's better than that rat den you work in.

JAMES

It was one rat, a year and half ago.

JOSEPH

Still gross.

JAMES

How's Mom?

JOSEPH

Doing better. She frets less. I think she's finally settling in after Dad's death.

JAMES

He was an ass.

JOSEPH

Yeah, but she loved him. She ask about you, you know. All the time. You should try calling her.

JAMES

And say what? Hey Mom, how's it going? Same old, same old. Alright, love you. Bye.

JOSEPH

Pretty much. She worries about you.

JAMES

What the hell is she worried about? I'm fine. I'm staying in decent place, I'm working.

JOSEPH

Oh, I don't know, James. Maybe she's worried because you dropped of the face of the planet after you got kicked out of school, maybe cause no one's heard from you since the funeral.

JAMES

(Angry)

I didn't get kicked out, I lost my scholarship. There's a difference.

JOSEPH

I don't see any. You went to school, now you can't. Or should I say don't want to.

Shannon swoops in to drop off the food. In an instant she's gone, off to another table. The two pick at their plates as they continue talking.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

You know Mom won't spend any of the life insurance? Roof leaks, her washing machine's busted. She's just sitting on a pile of money convinced you'll take it to go back to school.

JAMES

I didn't ask her to do that.

JOSEPH

I'm not saying you did. She's worried about you, hell I'm worried about you. You, you, spend your nights sleeping on couches, running around with your loser friends throwing your life away because you're too damn prideful to take anyone's help.

You going to work in that run down convenience store in the middle of no where forever?

Don't you want to settle down, have an actual career instead of bouncing around from these dead end jobs?

JAMES

I have a career. I'm a writer.

JOSEPH

You're not a writer! You type up these idiotic stories about space marines fighting cthulhu!

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Hell you only got an agent cause
you went to high school with the
guy and felt sorry for you.

JAMES

Mark believes in me, unlike you!

The two lean back in their seats, regrouping before the next
round.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Is that why you're here? To beat up
on me for believing in myself, for
chasing my dreams instead of
wasting my life in some cubicle
farm?

JOSEPH

I'm here because I care about you.
You're smart, James. Too smart.

Chasing your dreams and wanting to
be a writer and all that is great,
but the real world doesn't work
that way. You want to write, then
write, but you can do that while
holding a real job.

You can start saving up some money,
get your own place, or a car.

JAMES

I don't care about that. I don't
need my own place, or a car. All I
care about is my writing.

JOSEPH

That's inspiring, it really is.

Joseph says as he eats. He glances down at his big, flash
watch.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Damn.

He says shoveling more food into his mouth.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Look, I got to get going so I'm
going to wrap this up.

I didn't come down here to preach
at you or belittle what you want to
do with your life.

(MORE)

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to help you out,
show that there's more than one
path to take.

They're giving me a more
responsibility at work, letting me
run my own people. I need to hire a
few guys to help me data mine stock
info. It's easy, it pays great, and
it's a lot better than dealing with
pot heads with the munchies at two
o' clock in the morning.

If you decide you want the job,
call me.

Joseph shovels one last fork full into his mouth before
pulling a couple bills out of his wallet. He sets them on the
table as he rises from the booth.

JAMES

I'll pass.

JOSEPH

I figured. It's an open offer. Give
it some thought.

(Walking Away)

And call Mom.

Joseph exits the diner. James stares at him as he walks away
from the diner.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

James sits on the couch, angrily pounding away at a script on
his laptop. He picks up an energy drink, never taking his
eyes off the screen as takes a long pull from the can. He
slams it back down and types out another sentence.

His quickly scramble around the laptop, one hand darts for a
pen while another grabs one of the several stacks of
different colored sticky notes.

He scrawls out a quick note, rips it off and places it on a
random spot on the table so it can join the many other's
peeling away from table top. His jittery hands return to the
keyboard, typing away.

He stops with an impatient sighs as his head hurts. He closes
his eyes, his left hand coming up to rub a spot on his
forehead just about the eye brow.

INT. JAMES' HOUSE/OFFICE - FUTURE/NIGHT

James lowers his hand away from his forehead. As he opens his eyes he sees not his old apartment, but a well furnished office at his home. A large wooden desk replaces the coffee table, a high backed chair instead of a couch. Bookshelves and paintings line the walls. His laptop has been replaced with a sleek three monitor display. One the screens are various information about stocks, and graphs of the stock market.

James quickly scans over the room, he settles as he realizes where he is.

James pushes away from the computer and drifts around the room, ending up at the window. Pulling the curtain back he can see his well manicured front yard in the yellow glow of the street lights. His shiny, classy sedan parked in the driveway below. Looking at the other houses on the street he can see he's in a very nice neighborhood.

James let's the curtains drift back into place. He drifts around the rest of the room in a circle, looking at the paintings on the wall and back around to the books shelves before ending up at the desk.

He sits back down in the high backed leather chair, staring at the computer. With a few clicks he closes the windows of stocks and begins searching through the computer for his scripts, for whatever writing project his future self is currently working on.

His clicks grow faster, opening and closing windows as he fails to find what he's looking for. Growing close to an angry panic he pulls open the drawers of the desk. He finds folder after folder with papers overed in numbers and charts. Stocks, and share holder reports.

He throws the papers on the floor, digging to the bottom of the drawers as the door to the office swings open. Sarah stands in the doorway in a white summer dress. Her smile is wiped from her face as she sees her husband surrounded by loose papers.

SARAH

What are you doing?

JAMES

Where are they?

SARAH

Where's what?

JAMES
My scripts!

James sifts through more papers, throwing those he doesn't like on the ground.

SARAH
Your scripts?

JAMES
Yes, my scripts. My writings. Where are they?

SARAH
(Confused)
What scripts?

You haven't written anything in years.

James looks up at her, shocked and wounded.

JAMES
That can't be true.

SARAH
Wait, you're him. Aren't you?

JAMES
Him?

SARAH
Past you.

JAMES
...Yeah.

Sarah leans back against the doorway with a soft sigh.

SARAH
How long have you been in here?

JAMES
Long enough. When the hell did I stop writing?

SARAH
A long time ago.

JAMES
Why?

SARAH

I don't know. You had a demanding job, a wife. You just gave up on it.

It's a part of growing up. We let go of things, we change.

JAMES

No. This isn't a hobby to me, it's my life. I'm a writer, it's who I am.

SARAH

Not anymore. I'm sorry, I don't know what to tell you. You gave it up, moved on.

Sarah looks back into the hall as six year old girl runs into the room. She stops as she enters, taking in the thrown papers and dismissing it as children do.

CATHERINE

(Enthusiastic)

Water's boiling.

SARAH

Thanks dear.

Catherine turns her attention back to the papers all over the room.

CATHERINE

What happened?

JAMES

Daddy was um, cleaning.

CATHERINE

That's not how you clean.

JAMES

I'm not very good at it.

CATHERINE

I can show you how.

James looks at Catherine, unsure of how to proceed. Sarah comes to the rescue by pulling Sarah in by the shoulders.

SARAH

We have to finish making diner.

CATHERINE

Oh yeah.

The two go to leave the room, but are stopped as the child spins back around.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Come on, Dad. You can help.

JAMES

Uh...

He mumbles looking back at Sarah.

SARAH

Daddy has to finish cleaning.

CATHERINE

He can clean later. He should help.

The small girl says, indignant. James once more looks to Sarah. This time she shrugs, knowing her daughter's protest will continue.

JAMES

Okay.

He gets up from the chair, his daughter happily bouncing over to him.

The trio leave the office and make their way to the kitchen. Sarah strolls over to the counter with her daughter fluttering around her. James steps in, a stranger in someone else's home.

The kitchen is gorgeous, hardwood stained cabinets with a marble counter top. New sparkling appliances and a modest kitchen table with a classic cookie jar on top and wooden chairs neatly space around it. The counter tops are littered with the supplies for spaghetti, the a large pot sits on the electric stove at a boil.

James is attention turns to the six year old barreling down on him, a box of noodles in her hand.

CATHERINE

You can put in the noodles.

JAMES

Okay.

James say, taking the box. He and his daughter approach the stove, his hand reflexively drifts to behind the child's back, guiding her.

James dutifully pops open the box and pours the noodles into pot. Using a spatula he breaks them up so they will fit beneath the water.

Sarah looks over at them with a smile while chopping onions and green peppers.

SARAH

Did you finish your homework?

CATHERINE

No.

The child says still looking at the pot of noodles.

SARAH

Why not?

CATHERINE

Cause it's stupid. I don't want to do it.

SARAH

There's lots of things we don't want to do. You still have to.

CATHERINE

Why?

SARAH

Because if you don't you'll fail in school.

CATHERINE

So?

SARAH

So you want to do well in school don't you? Get into a good college when you're older.

CATHERINE

No. I don't need school.

James smiles at his daughter's replies as Sarah puts a hand on her hip.

SARAH

Don't need school huh? Then what are you going to do when you're older. How are you going to support yourself?

CATHERINE
By being a princess!

Catherine drifts way from the oven, pulling her hands way from her waist, mocking a dress as she swirls around in a child's dance.

JAMES
Princesses need school too.

He says, attempting to help.

CATHERINE
No they don't.

Contradicts the child as she stops twirling to face him.

JAMES
Sure they do. They have to know a lot so they can be good leaders. Princesses grow up to be queens with loyal subjects and farmers all counting her to make the right decisions. You have to go to school for that.

CATHERINE
That's while I'll have a handsome King to do the work.

SARAH
And what will you be doing?

CATHERINE
Dancing. Tea parties. The usual.

Sarah shares a bemused smile with man inhabiting her husband's body. The child drifts behind the table as the cookie jar catches her attention, taking the long route around the table to throw her parents off the sent.

By the time they look back she's perched on a chair, hovering over the cookie jar.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)
Daddy?

JAMES
Yes dear.

CATHERINE
Can I have a cookie.

JAMES

Sure.

The child beams with a devil's grin as she pops the top of the cookie jar. A greedy hand nabs a cookie as Sarah stares at James in shock. The girl runs over, giving her father a hug.

SARAH

But that cookie back.

Catherine giggles, running off to the living room.

SARAH (CONT'D)

At least do your home work.

She calls after the felling child.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(To James)

Why did you do that?

JAMES

The hug, mostly.

Sarah shakes her head in disappointment as she turns back to preparing the meal.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Oh come on. It'll be fine. I'll just change it next time.

SARAH

What next time?

JAMES

It's time travel right? So when I get to this moment in my future I'll say no.

Sarah looks back at her husband like he's the biggest moron in the world.

SARAH

Yeah, but in your future you'll be where ever the hell future you is now. Cause past you will be here, telling her she can have the cookie. Get it?

How can you still be so bad at this?

JAMES
Still? It's been like twelve hours.

SARAH
What has?

JAMES
Since I've been here last.
Why how long has it been for you?

SARAH
Like two years.

JAMES
Really? Wow. He's in the past by the way.

SARAH
Who is?

JAMES
Me. Future me. He's in me, in the past... me. Whatever.

I go in his body and he goes in mine.

SARAH
How do you know?

JAMES
He left me a note. He didn't tell you?

SARAH
No. What did it say?

JAMES
He apologized for the whole switch thing. Said I'd get used to it. Then bragged about marrying such a great women.

Sarah blushes and smiles, turning back to the vegetables. She looks back up at him to see his left hand rubbing a spot on his forehead, his eyes closed.

SARAH
You okay?

JAMES
Yeah, just a migraine.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

ADAM

Huh?

James opens his eyes to find himself back in his apartment. Adam stands in the kitchen, pulling a bowl and a box of cereal out of the cabinets.

JAMES

What?

ADAM

You said something about a migraine,

JAMES

Oh, yeah. My head hurts.

When did you get in?

ADAM

Like ten minutes ago. I said hi to you and everything. We had an entire conversation. Told you about the movie Jen and I saw last night.

JAMES

Jen?

James says rubbing his head again.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Didn't you two break up?

ADAM

Break up?

James finally pulls himself together.

JAMES

Yeah, wasn't she cheating on you?

ADAM

No?

You sure your okay?

JAMES

Yeah.

James says as Adam pulls out of a half carton of milk and sets it on the counter.

ADAM

How long have you been up here. We need to get you some fresh air. Let's grab some lunch at the diner.

JAMES

Yeah, sure.

Adam puts the milk back, leaving the bowl and cereal on the counter as he drift over to the door to grab his coat. James turns to the laptop, noticing a post it note stuck to the laptop.

James plucks it off.

FUTURE JAMES (V.O.)

Don't mention Jen cheating on Adam, he ends up marrying her. Oh, stop drinking those energy drinks, they rot your insides.

P.S. Buy stock in Transi-Tec, as much as you can afford.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

James and Adam sit in their familiar spots in the diner. Adam prepares his cup of coffee as James stares out the window.

ADAM

So how'd it go with your brother. I haven't seen him for ever.

JAMES

Yeah, me too, not since the funeral.

ADAM

That was not a fun day.

JAMES

They rarely are.

James says looking at him with eyes squinted in judgement of his friend's apparent stupidity.

ADAM

You know what I meant.

James looks back out the window.

JAMES

It went how it always goes. We start out distant, drift into combative and end with hating each other's guts.

ADAM

You don't hate each other's guts.

JAMES

I hate his.

ADAM

He doesn't hate yours.

Shannon makes her way to their table.

SHANNON

And what'll you be having today gentleman?

ADAM

The special. And with the bacon-

SHANNON

No one cares.

(Turning to James.)

You?

JAMES

I think I'll go with those pancakes again. Those were surprisingly good.

SHANNON

I knew you'd like them.

She jots down their orders and drifts away.

ADAM

You should ask her out.

JAMES

Shannon? Why?

ADAM

Cause she likes you. And if you two start dating she might start caring about my order.

JAMES

No, but she might stop spitting in it.

James says with a grin.

ADAM
Back to brother.

JAMES
Oh, right. He had the fucking nerve
to offer me a job. Can you believe
that shit?

ADAM
Yeah. He's your brother, and you
work in a rat den.

JAMES
It was one rat! One!

ADAM
Okay, okay. Cheese take it easy.
Get it, cheese, rat.

JAMES
How do you get through life being
so stupid?

ADAM
Happily enough I suppose.

Adam says with teasing smile, knowing he's antagonizing his
friend.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What job did he offer you?

JAMES
I don't know. Some soulless paper
pushing thing with stocks or
something.

ADAM
What's wrong with that? Sounds like
a great job. Get you in an actual
building, heating and air
conditioning. Sounds nice.

JAMES
It's charity.

ADAM
So? If gets you what you want why
do you care?

JAMES

It's not what I want. I want to write.

ADAM

So write. I don't see how that would stop you. You work and write now.

JAMES

I work part time. At a job that requires no thought, no effort. The rats could run the damn store.

I get to spend all that time thinking about stories and plot arcs. It's a world away from forty hours in an office with a bunch of fat guys sitting around a water cooler and talking about the secretary with the big cans.

Shannon circles back to the table with their food as he talks.

SHANNON

Enlightening conversation as always, boys.

Shannon says as she puts down their plates in front of them. Adam immediately grabs his bacon, dissatisfied.

ADAM

The bacon's over cooked again.

SHANNON

(Faked sincerity.)
Oh, is it?

(Sarcastic)

I'll weep for you.

She walks away as Adam drops his bacon back onto the plate.

JAMES

Why don't you just send it back.

ADAM

She'll spit in it.

JAMES

She already spits in it.

ADAM

Whatever.

You going to take the job?

JAMES

Fuck no, I'm not going to take it.
I'd rather die first.

ADAM

Because it's in an office or
because it's from your brother?

JAMES

Both.

ADAM

You should take it. Stocks are good
business to be in. I should get
some stocks. You should have your
brother hook me up.

James face clouds over as he suddenly remembers something.

JAMES

Transi-tec.

ADAM

Huh?

JAMES

Transi-tec. You should buy their
stock. I think I remember hearing
something about them realizing some
new thing or something.

You should get something.

ADAM

Alright, sure why not. You got your
brother's number.

James nods, not paying attention to Adam anymore. After a moment he shakes the thought away and returns his attention to his pancakes.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

James sits on the couch, once again in front of the laptop as a hard rain pounds against the window. James stares wistfully out the window as Adam enters the apartment.

Adam takes off his soaking wet coat, tosses the water out of his hair as he shakes out the jacket.

ADAM

I think we should give up on the apartment and build an ark.

JAMES

It's only been three days. It'll stop eventually.

He says without turning. Adam walks into the kitchen, grabbing a dish towel to dry off his hair.

ADAM

It's better. I'm going to have to start taking a canoe to work.

JAMES

Or you could drown. That seems far more likely.

James leans back against the couch, watching the rain as it falls against the glass.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You ever think about time?

Adam steps into the living room as he rubs the water out of his hair, taking a seat in the recliner.

ADAM

Like in the abstract?

JAMES

Yeah.

ADAM

Not really. It's on your mind?

JAMES

(Pause)

You think time travel is possible?

Adam tosses the rag onto the coffee table in front of him. He leans back against the recliner and joins his friend in staring at the rain.

ADAM

Of course not.

JAMES

Why can't it. Time isn't linear, it's a dot, a ball.

ADAM

I watch Doctor Who, I get where you're coming from. But it's just not possible.

You'd have to like, quantum tunnel through time or something. It's too far beyond us. There are things mortals aren't meant to do.

JAMES

But what if you could?

ADAM

If I could time travel?

JAMES

Yeah. What would you do with it?

ADAM

Kill Hitler, duh. It's a trope for a reason.

JAMES

That's boring. What if you can't go in the past, what if you could only go to the future.

ADAM

If I can time travel why are there limits?

JAMES

I don't know, it's time locked. Just play along.

ADAM

Alright, I'll bite. So I can only go into the future...

Let's see, I guess I jump forward ten years and get the lotto numbers, or stocks.

Oh shit! That reminds me.

Adam bolts up in the chair as James turns to see away from the window to see why his friend is so excited.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You remember that stock you told me about, uh, Transi- whatever?

JAMES

Hm? Oh yeah. What about it?

ADAM

It went up. Like way up. Your little tip made me a couple hundred bucks.

JAMES

Holy shit, really?

ADAM

Yeah man. Your brother was stoked. Said he's going to have to try even harder to get you to work there.

JAMES

Great.

James turns his attention back to the window.

ADAM

So I was thinking we could go out and celebrate this weekend. I'll invite Jen, we'll eat a fancy diner maybe hit up a movie. I was thinking you could ask Shannon.

JAMES

Shannon?

He says turning back to Adam.

ADAM

Yeah. She likes you, she's hot and completely your type. Why not?

JAMES

I don't know.

ADAM

There something about her you don't like. She's got that cynical, cactus vibe just like you. I think you two will get along great.

And she'll stop spitting in my food.

James turns back to the window.

JAMES

You ever think you're meant to be with someone. Like someone you've never met?

ADAM

Like a soul mate? No, not really.

You okay man? You seem a little... I don't know, down I guess.

JAMES

I can't stop thinking about time.

ADAM

How are those things related?

JAMES

Things are so shitty right now. It's like all I want is reassurance that everything is going to be okay...

And then I think about Joe's offer. I could take it. Get it into stocks and work my way. Be a big shot with a nice house in perfect little neighborhood.

ADAM

But you wouldn't be a writer.

JAMES

Bingo. What's the price you know? Is it worth it? And I think the thing that's really freaking me out is it just might be. It might actually be better to give it all up.

James turns back to his friend, suddenly curious.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What would you do if you could visit the future? Step in time to like ten years later in your life.

ADAM

Ghost of Christmas future style?

James gives a tired nod from the couch.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I don't know. I mean if I'm happy, if Jen and I are married with a couple of kids and everything's good...

I guess I'd get the lotto numbers like I said.

JAMES

But you can't do that.

ADAM

Why not?

JAMES

Alright let's say you do it. Find the next big stock, jump back in time and spend every penny you have on it.

And you get super rich, a billionaire over night. That'll change everything.

Now instead of dating a lovable loser Jen is dating a billionaire, you have super models trying to fuck you everyday. Maybe you get tired of Jen and want to upgrade, maybe you cheat on her and she finds out. Doesn't matter, ten years later instead of being Mr. Dad you're lying dead in a hotel bathtub after overdosing on heroin.

ADAM

Didn't think of that.

Then I'd come back. Live my life like normal.

JAMES

Okay, but what if in the future you learn you only got happy by giving up what you love. Say you had to give up music forever, no more late night shows, no more playing your guitar after a rough day.

ADAM

What's it matter. I mean it would suck sure, but If I'm happy, isn't that all that matters?

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Your writing, you think you have to always do it or else you won't be happy. But if in the future you know that isn't true, then you could stop.

And we're only getting a snap shot. Maybe you give up writing then but ten years later you've retired on your mountain of cash or whatever and you go back to writing.

James eyes widen in realization.

JAMES

That's true. I didn't even think of that.

ADAM

I wouldn't worry to much about it. You're going to be fine. And speaking of music, I need to go practice.

Adam gets up. James turns back from the window to look at him.

JAMES

Hey, thanks.

Adam waves him off, heading for his room. James turns back to the window, watching the thick drops of rain slide down the window. He closes his eyes as he feel a migraine approaching.

INT. TOWNCAR - AFTERNOON

James lowers his hand from his forehead. Opening his eyes he finds himself in the back of a nice car. A driver sits in the front seat, navigating the streets as rain drenches the windshield. He realizes he's in suit, and Sarah is sitting in the car next to him wearing a classy white dress. Looking down James sees Sarah's hand holding his.

He grips it tighter, feeling her hand within his. She looks over at him., Moving her hand up to lovingly brush his hair behind his ear.

JAMES

Where are we?

She stops mid motion, pulling her hand way from his head as her eyes come down to looks at his.

SARAH
What do you mean?

JAMES
Why are we in the back of a car?

Her eyes widen in horror as she realizes they've been switched.

SARAH
Oh no. Not today. Oh please not today.

JAMES
What? What is it?

SARAH
I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry.

She take his hand in her's.

JAMES
What's going on?

SARAH
It's, it's your brother James.
He...

Sarah takes a deep breathe to steady herself.

SARAH (CONT'D)
He died. We're going to his funeral.

James pulls his hand back from her's.

JAMES
Died? No way. Come on.

James says with a half hearted smile. He readjust himself in the seat, looking out the window, then back to his wife.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Joe? Dead? Ha, that's a good one.

SARAH
I'm serious, James. I'm can't even imagine what it must be like for you to find out this way...

She reaches over to grab his hand, taking his in both of her's.

SARAH (CONT'D)
He had a heart attack.

JAMES
Joe? A heart attack? No way. He hit the gym everyday.

SARAH
He used to. Things changed. The higher he got promoted the more he ate from the stress.

James looks into the eyes, seeing her concern, seeing the truth in her words. He tries to force another smile as tears well up in his eyes.

JAMES
But, Joe, he can't have-

James hurriedly looks out the window, not wanting to break down in front of her. Sarah reaches over to rub his back.

JAMES (CONT'D)
He can't be dead. That's absurd. He can't.

His voice quivers as the Joseph's death begins to sink in. Sarah tries to pull him in, but James pulls away. After a moment she tries again, pulling James in as he weakly pulls away. She brings his head down to her chest, softly stroking her head as she rocks back and forth.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

James stands over his brother's open casket with Sarah at his side, tightly holding his hand. He looks down at his brother, now much fatter, squeezed into the coffin.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR - MOMENTS LATER

James and Sarah sit next to each other in the back of the town car. The rains have given way to a blanket of cold grey clouds. James stars out the window, his hand in Sarah's lap as she holds it.

JAMES

Did we still hate each other, at the end? Was I still such a bastard to him?

SARAH

Don't worry about that. You didn't know this was going to happen.

JAMES

So yes then.
(Turning to Sarah)

I don't get it, if I take the job how are he and I still at each other's throats?

SARAH

It's partly because you take the job. You resent him for it. You spent all day in that place hating him. Even when you started liking it there.

JAMES

All he was trying to do was help me. Sure he was being an arrogant prick about it, but I just had to go an be an ass. Let my pride fuck everything up and now he's dead.

I have to fix it.

Sarah look him in the eye, suddenly very serious.

SARAH

You can't change anything. If you alter the past even a little bit, we could lose everything. Me, Catherine, your job.

You have to be extremely careful.

JAMES

Fuck that. What the hell is the point of all this? If I can't even make amends with my only brother before he croaks? If I can't change anything why the hell am I here?

SARAH

I don't know. I wish I did but I don't. I love you, James. I love our daughter and our life together.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

You can't change anything.

She says, taking his head in her hands. He finds him self getting lost in her eyes, she in his. She let's go, dropping her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(Softly)

Damn it.

She looks back up at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're right. You have to try something... Just be careful. For me.

He puts his hand over her's, giving it a gentle squeeze.

She looks back at him. Staring in his eyes, she slides up to him, resting her head on his shoulders as he puts his arm around her. James closes his eyes, growing weary from the shock of the day, taking comfort in her arms.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

James opens his eyes to find he's no longer on the couch, but is now standing in front of the window, looking at the rain outside. In his clinched fist is a crumpled up piece of paper.

James opens the paper, seeing that it holds his own handwriting.

FUTURE JAMES (V.O.)

I'm... sorry, about that. It's not like I could have prevented it. But you shouldn't have had to go through it. I remember it. As you. How hurt and angry I was. I should have given you a heads up.

I called him, told him you wanted to talk about the job. He'll be at the diner tonight, around six.

While I took the job, after a week or two I stopped making the effort to spend time with him.

Do better.

James angrily squeezes the paper in his hand, as his gaze returns to the window.

INT. DINER - EVENING

Joseph and James sit across from one another at the diner. Joseph looks across the table with a pleasantly surprised smile.

JOSEPH

Why the sudden change of mind?

JAMES

As much as it pains me to say it, you're right. I can work there and write at the same time.

Plus...

James looks up at his brother.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It'll give us a chance to hang out more.

JOSEPH

Hang out more? You, want to hang out, with me?

JAMES

I don't really believe it either.

Shannon swirls over to get their orders.

SHANNON

Hey James.

JAMES

Shannon.

SHANNON

I'm looking forward to tomorrow.

JAMES

Yeah me, too. You guys picked out a movie yet?

SHANNON

No. But hey it's free so who cares. I'm shocked he won all that money playing stocks. Here I slave away for the two of you and you give him all the tips.

JOSEPH

It seems my brother's quite the little stock prodigy. How did you know about Transi-Tec anyway?

JAMES

(Dismissive)

Luck guess.

SHANNON

So what can I get you?

JOSEPH

I had a late lunch, nothing for me. Thanks.

SHANNON

Alright, you?

JAMES

I'm fine thanks.

SHANNON

Really? Just coffee?

JAMES

Yeah, I'm good.

Shannon shakes her head and flutters away with a goodbye smile to James.

JOSEPH

About damn time you got a girlfriend.

JAMES

She's not a girlfriend. It's just a group thing. Anyway, when can I start?

JOSEPH

At the firm? Um... We got a big project coming up looks at the Ozcorp - Wayne merger. I can bring you in on that, work you into a more permanent position.

JAMES

Where do I know those names from?

JOSEPH

Two massive defense contractors, merger's been all over the news.

JAMES

Right. But didn't it fall apart
when that Wayne guy died?

JOSEPH

No? Still kicking last I checked.

JAMES

Weird, thought I heard that
somewhere. Oh well.

Shannon circles back with a plate of toast, slipping it in
front of James.

SHANNON

Eat.

She calls as she slips by.

James looks down at the plate of buttered toast, then back up
to his brother.

JOSEPH

Girlfriend.

He says with a winning grin.

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

James, Adam, Jen, and Shannon walk into a movie theater.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

James sits in the theater with Adam on his left and Shannon
on his right. Shannon slides her hand on top of James' as the
four of them look up at the movie screen.

James looks down at his hand, then over to Shannon. She
pretends not to notice, keeping her focus on the screen.
James returns his gaze to the screen. He doesn't pull his
hand away, neither does her reciprocate the advance.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Adam and Jen sit on one side of the booth, cuddled together
with Adam's arm around her. James and Shannon sit across from
them on the other side of the booth.

SHANNON

We should have gone to diner. I could have got us free food.

ADAM

Here they don't spit on my food.

SHANNON

I'm the only one that spits in your food and I'm here.

JAMES

It's your day, we don't want you to have to spend it there cause of us.

JEN

Yeah. Enjoy your night out.

ADAM

You guys enjoy the movie?

SHANNON

Yeah it was cool.

JAMES

Better than I expected. Those sword fights were pretty awesome.

Adam picks up his drink for a sip.

JEN

And when that dragon came in, I was like holy shit.

James nods in agreement as the sounds of an empty straw echo from Adam's cup.

ADAM

Looks like I need a refill.

He taps Jen on the shoulder, so he can get out of the booth. Jen shakes her cup and gets up with him.

JEN

I'm low too.

As Adam walks across the restaurant to the drink machine Jen looks at James and Shannon.

JEN (CONT'D)

You two need refills?

James picks up his cup while Shannon shakes her.

JAMES

I'm good.

SHANNON

I could use one. Thanks.

She hands her cup to Jen, who takes it over to the machine.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Finally I get someone to get my drink.

JAMES

Must be a nice change of pace.

James looks over to Jen and Adam at the machine, filling up their drinks. The couple lean in for quick kiss as they fill the cups.

SHANNON

I didn't make you uncomfortable, did I?

James turns back to Shannon with a puzzled look on his face.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

In the theater.

JAMES

Oh. No. You're fine.

SHANNON

Good.

She says with a smile. She gives him a kiss that is quickly broken off as Adam and Jen return to the booth. Stunned, James is slow to catch up, gathering his wits and returning his gaze to Adam and Jen as they slide into the booth.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

James, Adam, Jen sit on the couch while Shannon sits in the recliner. They group jokes and laughs in the apartment. Jen and Adam get up from the couch holding hands. Adam gives a wave good night as Jen pulls him toward his bedroom leaving James and Shannon alone.

Shannon sets her bottled water down on table and crosses to the couch, sitting down next to James.

SHANNON

I was beginning to think they'd never leave.

She leans in before, he can respond, kissing him deeply. James hand awkwardly comes up to her shoulder as they kiss. He pulls his mouth away to catch his breath and gather his thoughts.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

JAMES
Nothing. Nothing's wrong.

SHANNON
I'm sorry, I'm moving to fast.

She pulls away as well, lowering her head in disappointment in herself.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
I always do this, fall for a guy
and come on way to strong.

She gets up, but it stopped as James grabs her hand.

JAMES
No, it's not that.

Shannon turns back to him, his hand still holding her's as he looks up.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I've just been under a lot of
stress lately. It's okay. Really.

She smiles as he pulls her back in. She climbs on top of him, straddling him as she takes his head in her hands.

She moves in, kissing him deeply as his hands slid under shirt and up her back.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James and Shannon writhe under the sheets on his bed. James lays on top of her, thrusting into her as he kisses her neck.

Shannon grabs his back as she pecks his head with kisses. Suddenly she rolls him over, putting her on top.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' HOUSE/BEDROOM - FUTURE/NIGHT

James is rolled onto his back, when he looks up he sees not Shannon, but Sarah. She slowly rises up and down, his hands on her breast as she softly moans above him.

His eyes stare transfixed at her body in the moonlight. She looks down at him with love, upon seeing his face her's slowly changes. Her eyes widen as she suddenly stops, realizing what's happened.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' HOUSE/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

James sits in the bed, his lower body covered by a sheet as he rest against the backboard. Sarah sits at the end of the bed in a white bathrobe. The two sit in silence under the soft yellow glow of the lamps.

JAMES
I'm sorry. I had no idea-

SARAH
Stop. Just stop.

They fall back into silence.

SARAH (CONT'D)
So you're here and he's there.
Fucking some bimbo.

JAMES
You don't know that.

SARAH
Would you stop fucking someone in
the middle of it?

JAMES
For you? Of course.

SARAH
Didn't stop you from fucking her.

JAMES
That's not fair and you know it.

You think this is easy on me? I
feel like I'm cheating on you and I
don't even know if you exist!

Shannon's a nice girl. I like her.
(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

And yet every moment I'm with her
all I can think about is you.

SARAH

Then be with her! Forgot about me,
forgot about your daughter and run
around with whoever you want.

JAMES

That's bullshit. You mean to tell
me that in the past, in my time
your a perfect virgin who's not
with anyone else?

SARAH

I'm not the one jumping around
different points in my life.

JAMES

It's not my fault!

The two fall back into silence. Sarah lowers her head into
her hands, then runs them through her hair.

SARAH

I know.

I know it's not your fault, that
you didn't ask for it. I'm sorry.

JAMES

Me too.

SARAH

I didn't ask for this either you
know.

Sarah chuckles to herself, a half hearted and depressed sigh
of chuckle.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They said in sickness and in
health. You think that means when
they get the flu or cancer. Never
thought it'd mean this.

James slides down the bed, wrapping the blanket around him to
sit next to her. She looks up at him with live and sympathy
but still hurt.

JAMES

Do you want me to wait? To not date
until I meet you?

She looks away from him, he takes her hand in his.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I will. I'll wait you for. Sickness
and health, might was well add past
and future.

She turns back to him with a sad smile on her face.

SARAH
No. You can't. You have to live
your life, James.

She caresses his cheek with her hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I can't be jealous if I haven't
even me you yet.

He looks into her eyes.

JAMES
Okay.

James closes his eyes as the pain strikes his forehead,
harder than before. He hand jumps to the familiar spot on his
forehead.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - PAST

James lays in his ped back in the past, sitting against the
head board with his eyes squeezed shut in pain and his head
rubbing his forehead.

He lowers his hand to see Shannon in her underwear next to
the bed, looking angry and hurt as she slides on her pants.

JAMES
What's wrong, what happened?

SHANNON
(Pissed)
What's wrong? What's wrong. What
the hell do you think?

JAMES
I, I don't know. Please, don't go.

SHANNON

After all this time I finally get to go out with you, I finally think we're going somewhere and you pull this shit on me.

She stammers out as she fights to find the bottom of the shirt. James gets out of bed, surprised to find he's wearing his boxers.

JAMES

Please, just let me explain.

He reaches out to hold her panicking hands. She yanks them back, holding onto the shirt.

SHANNON

Explain what?

James sheepily pulls his hands back.

JAMES

I... I black out sometimes.

James sits back down on the bed. Shannon lowers her shirt, softening.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I get these headaches. And when I come to, I'm somewhere else.

SHANNON

Have you been to a doctor?

JAMES

No. Been to afraid to. I haven't asked you out because I don't know what's going to happen. Don't know who I am.

James says staring at the floor. Shannon walks over to the bed, sitting down next to him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What happened?

SHANNON

You got this weird look on your face like you didn't know where you were, like you didn't recognize me.

Then you pulled me off you and put your underwear on.

(MORE)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I kept asking you what was wrong, if I had did something. But you wouldn't say anything. You just got back in bed with this creepy stare on your face. Twiddled your thumbs like you were waiting for the train to come.

I got angry, started yelling at you and putting my clothes on.

JAMES

I'm so sorry. I didn't want you to see my like that.

Shannon rubs a caring hand on his back.

SHANNON

It's okay. I get it.

Does Adam know?

James eyes widen.

JAMES

No. And you can't tell him. He'll just worry.

SHANNON

You really should go to a doctor.

JAMES

Maybe.

He says taking her hand in his.

SHANNON

So where does this leave us?

JAMES

I have no fucking clue. I like you, a lot.

Her hand comes up to caress the hair on the back of his neck.

SHANNON

Maybe we should take a few days, think things over.

JAMES

Yeah, yeah that sounds good.

They kiss briefly. Shannon pulls away and puts her shirt on. She gets up, her hand going to his cheek.

SHANNON

Call me when you figure things out.

He put his hand over hers, looking back up at her. She smiles, and pulls her hand away, it sliding out of his as she goes for the door.

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM - MORNING

James sits in his new cubical wearing a dress shirt and slacks. He leans forward in his chair, staring at graphs and spreadsheets on his computer as he weakly clicks with his mouse.

He sits up straighter as he notices something on the computer. James pulls a legal pad close to him as his fingers anxiously hold a pen. He clicks between a few tabs as he notices a pattern in the numbers. His pen scrawls across the pad jotting down notes on numbers and trends that he's seeing. Suddenly his pen stops and falls from his finger as his hand rushes to his forehead.

James grimaces, leaning forward as the pain strikes.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

James sits in his car in his future house' driveway wearing a nice suit. The car sits idling in park, the headlights illuminating the garage. Coming to, James lowers his hand from his head, adjusting to his new surroundings with a couple of strong blinks.

James turns off the lights and cuts the engine. Looking over he sees his laptop bag in the passenger seat and grabs it as he gets out of the car.

INT. JAMES HOUSE - NIGHT

James enters the front door to a house dark and quiet. Only a soft light from the kitchen illuminates the entrance. James takes his keys out of the door, turning to shut and lock it behind him. Laptop case in hand he wanders into the kitchen.

Sarah sits at the kitchen table in a pair of white pajamas with her back to him. She bobs a bag of tea in a cup without turning to look at James. She and the rest of the kitchen are lit only from the light at the top of the stove. James stands in the doorway, watching her there as he sets the laptop case on the floor.

SARAH

How long are we going to keep doing this?

You come home, I yell, you promise things will be different after you finish this project or get that promotion.

I believe you, we kiss and make up and in two weeks are right back here. Me with my little cup of tea and you with that look on your face like it was accident. Like you didn't know exactly what you were doing.

James cross the room to the table, he pulls out a chair and takes a seat next to Sarah. She doesn't bother to look up at him, instead choosing to talk to her coffee.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Things are falling apart and you don't even seem to care. I have to go looking for our daughter at the mall after getting a call that she's skipped school, again, but you don't care.

You'd rather sit in your little meetings, play with your numbers for money we don't even need while everything crashes down around you.

She finally looks up at him, his face contorted in grief and guilt.

SARAH (CONT'D)

How long James, how long will we continue this dance.

She glares at him waiting for a response. She squints her eyes as the rage boils inside of her, seeing that it's not him, but his past self. In a flash of anger she swipes the cup of tea of the table. She rise from the chair, leaning against the table.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me! It's bad enough I lose him to work, I have to lose him to you to!

She stares at him, waiting for a response. Getting none she pushes away from the table, turning her back to him.

She let's the anger wash over her, and struggles to compose herself. She turns back to him with a question.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Well, which one are you?

James look of compassion and guilt give way to confusion.

JAMES
Which one? What do you mean which one?

SARAH
How is it I'm the one that always has to explain this to you! All the time you spend away from me you'd think you'd have wrote some of this down. I guess that means you're ghost of Christmas past.

Sarah walks over to the fallen tea cup. It lies broken on the floor in a pool of its former contents.

JAMES
As opposed to Christmas future?

She doesn't answer his stupid question. Instead bending down in disappointment with herself to pick of the pieces of the cup. James is struck with a horrible realization.

JAMES (CONT'D)
It doesn't stop.

SARAH
No. It doesn't.

She says as she carries the pieces of the tea cup to the trash can. She drops them in, letting them fall away from her hands.

JAMES
The current me switches with what, and even older version of me? Forever?

SARAH
Until you die. One day they'll just stop. I guess that let's you know you're getting close to the end.

She grabs a paper tell that's handing from the fridge's handle. She heads for the spill, but is stopped as James rushes over to her.

JAMES

Here, let me.

He takes a hold of the towel, and her hand as she stands before him with head bowed.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let me.

He says softly, grabbing more of the towel. Sarah tries to hold in the tears, but can't. She meekly steps toward him as she begins to cry, James hushes her as his arms envelope her. She lays her head against his chest as she cries, the towel passing into James' hand.

SARAH

It's not fair.

JAMES

I know. I know.

James says trying to comfort her, one hand coming up to the back of her head.

SARAH

I know have to lose you to this. I can take that. But when you never come home, when I never see you...

She pulls herself together, wiping away the tears as she steps away from him. She takes the towel from his hand, and walks over to the spill.

JAMES

I'll clean it up.

SARAH

No, you won't.

She says, bending down to wipe up the spill.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's not your mess to clean up.

JAMES

I'm sorry. I know I keep saying that, but I do mean it. I don't know how I've become such a jackass, between then and now.

SARAH

You're not a jackass. You just have your priorities messed up.

She says getting up from the ground. She tosses the towel onto the table. James crosses the room, to stand closer to her.

JAMES

You said, "the other one" the future me, what does he say.

SARAH

Not much. At first I thought it was because he was afraid of altering things. But now, I'm not so sure.

Lately when he... visits, he just kind of stares at me. Like I died or something and he hasn't seen me in forever. Like he's forgotten how to talk to me.

JAMES

Have you checked the notes?

SARAH

What notes?

JAMES

The ones we leave each other. We communicate through them sometimes.

SARAH

I've never seen any notes. He must not trust me.

JAMES

How could things have gotten so fucked up?

SARAH

I don't know.

She looks up at him. He wipes an old tear from her cheek, a ghost of a smile crossing her face at his touch. He leans in and kisses her, she kisses him back. A loving, slow kiss.

She pulls away, dropping her head.

JAMES

I'm sorry.

SARAH

Don't be. It's just so weird. I'd feel like I was cheating on you.

James stares back at her, unsure of what to say.

JAMES
So, what now?

SARAH
I don't know. I need to lay down.

She walks away, stopping as she reaches the kitchen's doorway. She turns back to him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
James?

JAMES
Yeah?

SARAH
Remember this. When you go back.
Remember your love for me, remember
your priorities. Do better next
time.

JAMES
I will.

She slips away, leaving him alone in the kitchen.

A few moments late James climbs the stairs. Looking left he sees a light from under the bedroom door click out as Sarah goes to bed. Looking to the right he sees light coming from under his daughter's door.

He gives it a soft knock. No response. He knocks again. Nothing. James steps away from the door, looking around the house, unsure of what to do with himself. James slides to the ground, resting his back against the wall.

The bedroom door opens, the light spilling out into the hallway. His teenage daughter stands looking down at him.

The daughter walks back in the room with her father behind her. She passes back to her bed, collapsing down on it as she scoops up the book she was reading.

CATHERINE
I guess Mom told you.

James looks around the room, seeing it for the first time. It looks fairly normal for a teenage girl, a few posters pictures dotting the walls. James sits in a computer chair next to her desk.

JAMES
Why have you been skipping school?

CATHERINE
I don't need it.

She says with her nose in the book.

JAMES
Of course you need it.

CATHERINE
No, I don't.

JAMES
Still hope to be a princess?

James says mostly to himself. Catherine looks up from her book, eyeing him suspiciously.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You want to go to college, right?
You don't want to be stuck here
while all your friends leave you
behind.

Catherine sits up in her bed, putting the book down to face him.

CATHERINE
Name one of my friends.

JAMES
This isn't about your friends. It's
about you.

CATHERINE
Alright. What's my birthday?

JAMES
What does that have to do with
anything? We're talking about you
skipping school.

CATHERINE
You don't know, do you?

JAMES
Of course I do.

CATHERINE
Then what is it?

JAMES
Why are you asking, what do you
hope to gain by this?

CATHERINE

My dad would have known that the chances of any of my friends getting into college are slim to none.

He tells me all the time about how much of a bad influence they are. So the question is, who are you?

JAMES

Shit.

CATHERINE

Shit, indeed.

So you switch.

JAMES

Wait, do you switch?

CATHERINE

I asked you first.

JAMES

That's childish.

CATHERINE

I am your child.

JAMES

How long have you been switching for?

CATHERINE

I've only done it twice.

JAMES

Does your Mom know?

CATHERINE

God no.

I knew it! I knew it happened to you too. The way your eyes frost over and the head aches. How you seem to be lost in your own house.

JAMES

Is that why you aren't going to school?

CATHERINE

Not really. I started skipping cause I got bored with it. But then when I started jumping I saw it didn't matter anyway.

You get me a job at the firm, and using my knowledge and the skills you teach me, I make do. So why bother.

JAMES

Is that what you want to do with your life? Work in some cubicle farm?

CATHERINE

Not really. You seem to like it okay, how bad can it be?

JAMES

Like it? I hate it. I feel like taking a screwdriver to my eye every time I walk in the place.

CATHERINE

You didn't want to go into stocks like Uncle Joseph?

JAMES

Hell no. I wanted to be a writer. Technically still do, what with me being the past and all.

Catherine nods as if that's a given.

CATHERINE

So why'd you give up, or why will you give it up, I should say.

JAMES

I don't know. Maybe we need the money or I don't like it anymore. Haven't gotten to that part yet.

Isn't there anything you want to do with your life. There must be something you're interested in more than stocks.

CATHERINE

It's not going to matter. Everyone has to give up their dreams and get a real job eventually.

JAMES

That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard. Complete and utter bullshit.

CATHERINE

Well you're the one that said, or will say it.

James squints his eyes as his head begins to hurt.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You okay?

JAMES

Yeah. You got any papar?

She motions behind him. He spins around to see a notebook on the desk. He quickly flips it open as the pain grows. Grabbing a pen he writes on it.

JAMES (V.O.)

(Pained)

Note to self: fix shit.

The pen stops as the pain intensifies.

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM - MORNING

James sits at his desk back at the firm. He slowly comes to, recovering from the pain. He looks down at the legal pad. His notes have been crossed out, beneath in his handwriting is a note.

FUTURE JAMES (V.O.)

Forget about the trend, push accounts two, three and seven. And learn how to play golf, it's going to come in handy in a few years.

James rips the paper of the legal pad, angrily crushing it up and tosses it into the waste basket. He looks up to see a co-worker looking at him from the hallway with a paper cup of coffee in his hand.

The co-worker turns and continues on his way.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

James sits on the couch, his laptop open in front of him. A knock at the door distracts him from his writing.

James cross the apartment and opens the door to find Shannon on the other side.

JAMES

Hey.

SHANNON

Hey.

I hadn't seen you around so I thought I'd make sure everything's okay.

JAMES

Everything's fine. Been busy with the new job an everything. You want to come in?

James moves out of the way and Shannon enters. She moves over to the living room as James shuts the door behind her.

SHANNON

How's the job going, anyway?

She sits down on the couch as he stands.

JAMES

Going alright, I guess. Seems I have a real knack for spotting trends, patterns.

SHANNON

You and your brother getting along well enough.

James passes her to sit on the couch.

JAMES

He's teaching me to play golf. I'm terrible at it, but it gives us time to talk.

SHANNON

What are you writing?

She says with a nod toward the laptop.

JAMES

Crap.

James says running a tired hand through his head.

SHANNON

It can't be that bad.

JAMES

It's awful. Like I've completely forgotten how to write.

She slides next to him, to get a better look at the screen. James uncomfortably readjusts as their bodies touch, Shannon leaning in to look at the screen.

SHANNON

Looks good to me.

JAMES

It's garbage. I should just give it up.

Shannon leans back against the couch, the two of them side by side.

SHANNON

You love writing, hell it's all you talk about. You can't turn your back on it.

Her hand slides into his, their fingers intertwining. James looks from his hand, to her. She leans in, the two attempting at a kiss. Their kiss grows, the two of them sitting up straighter as their passion intensifies.

They awkwardly stand up, kissing and making their way through the apartment toward the bedroom.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - FUTURE/MORNING

James lays under the covers in a hotel room, the curtains open to let in the light. He lays on his side, spooning a blonde woman.

As he wakes up he is completely confused, lost and untethered. He rolls on to his back, looking around at the unfamiliar room. The blonde woman rolls over, a hand falling on his chest as she wakes.

James becomes even more confused, having assumed the blonde was Shannon, he now sees it is someone else. The blonde woman's eye slides open.

VANESSA

Morning, handsome.

She says snuggling up to him, giving a bonus kiss to his cheek. She uses her hand to turn his head, giving him a proper kiss.

The women slides out of the bed with her back to him. Picking up her bra she puts it on.

JAMES
Who are you?

She turns to look back at him with a bemused smile.

VANESSA
Still playing that game are we? We can you try someone other than the old man? He was getting creepy.

The women slides on her underwear and rises, crossing the bed to get to her clothes on the other side of the room.

JAMES
Old man? Shit.

VANESSA
Shit?

JAMES
We're not... married are we?

Vanessa laughs, a good and hearty laugh.

VANESSA
If we were married you wouldn't be fucking me. You are a strange one.

JAMES
What happened to Sarah?

VANESSA
Wow, you really must be lost to bring her up.

Vanessa says as her skirt up her legs.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
I imagine your wife is at home, wondering where her stud of a husband is.

The women, knowing his eyes are on her, slowly zips up the skirt.

JAMES
So your...

VANESSA
Vanessa, dear.

She walks over to him with bemused shaking of the head.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

You're far less of a charmer in the morning.

She leans over to kiss him, taking his head in her hands. She gives him a deep sensual kiss, practically pulling him out of the bed before pulling away, letting him fall back down onto the pillow. The woman grabs her blouse from the floor and slips it on.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

I'd love to stay for breakfast, but I have to get running.

I'll see back at the office.
Perhaps we could meet in your office around lunch?

JAMES

Uh sure. Text me. I won't uh, remember.

VANESSA

Of course you won't.

The mysterious woman makes for the door.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - EVENING

James and Shannon lay in the bed under the covers. Shannon lays on top of James, her hands caressing his body and faces as she snuggles up against him. James eyes are squeezed shut as he recovers from the pain in his head.

SHANNON

That was... wow.

James looks down at her, still confused but adjusting, seeing he's back with Shannon.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

You must have been studying more than numbers.

She laughs at her own joke as she leans up to kiss his chin.

JAMES

Uh, yeah.

James offers awkwardly. Shannon looks up at him, wondering what's wrong.

SHANNON

You okay?

JAMES

Yeah... I um...

He looks at her, worrying about her response.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I may have blacked out again.

SHANNON

You didn't seem blacked out.

JAMES

So we, uh...

Shannon nods. Seeing his distress she props her self up on an elbow.

SHANNON

How long were you out, did you know we were...

JAMES

Right about when we go in here, so yeah.

SHANNON

Are you upset that we-

JAMES

No, no.

He says, bringing up a reassuring hand to caress her back.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'm a little out of place is all.

She brings up a hand to his cheek and kisses his other one.

SHANNON

You mind if I use your shower.

JAMES

Not at all, go ahead.

He looks at her, and gives her a kiss. She slides over him and makes her way to the bathroom door. Once inside the doorway she pops her head back into the room.

SHANNON

Feel free to join me once you readjust.

She disappears back into the bathroom before he can respond, leaving him lost in his swirling thoughts.

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM - AFTERNOON

James sits at his cubicle looking over reports on his computer, dutifully taking notes with a legal pad.

A co-worker appears in the entrance to his cubicle, knocking on the wall to get James attention. James swirls around in his chair to see what the co-worker wants, while keeping his attention on the screen.

JAMES

Yeah?

COWORKER

I just bumped into Peggy in human resources, she wanted me to tell you she needs to talk to you about your pay.

James finally takes his eyes off the screen to look at his coworker.

JAMES

My pay?

COWORKER

I don't know. Something about your direct deposit.

James wearily rubs his forehead.

JAMES

Alright, thanks.

The co-worker heads off.

James returns his attention to the screen, picking up his pen to resume his notes. He stops as the fatigue hits him again. He closes his eyes and once again rubs his forehead.

INT. FANCY RESTURANT - AFTERNOON

WAITER

Sir?

James looks up at a waiter in a fancy resturant in confusion. He finds himself sitting across a table from his daughter, now approaching her late teens.

WAITER (CONT'D)

I asked if you were ready to order, sir.

CATHERINE

He's going to need another minute.

The Waiter gives a curious nod and departs. James looks down at his suit, then to his daughter.

JAMES

I don't think I'm ever going to get use this.

CATHERINE

Yeah. Headaches are a bitch too.

JAMES

Woah, mouth. And how do you know about those? Have you been getting them to? We should take you to a doctor.

CATHERINE

Chill, the headaches are fine. God I haven't even been concieved yet and you're already fretting over me.

JAMES

How do you know where I am? In my timeline?

CATHERINE

Cause we talk about it. It's one of the only things we do talk about.

You don't have to worry about the headaches, it's just our brains adjusting to the shift. It's like when you wake up in the middle of the night expecting it to be dark but there's a light on, same thing.

The bigger the differences the bigger the headache.

JAMES

How often do you shift?

CATHERINE

Every couple of months or so. Happens more when I'm stressed out.

JAMES

That would explain why I can't seem to go more than a week without it happening.

So where are we?

CATHERINE

Restaurant downtown for lunch.

JAMES

So that's why I'm suddenly very hungry. Where's your mom?

Catherine picks up her glass and drinks from it. She sets it down slowly, trying to figure out what to say.

JAMES (CONT'D)

What? Oh shit she didn't die did she? She was worried about that.

CATHERINE

God no. She left you.

JAMES

Left me?

Catherine nods back at him.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why?

Catherine laughs at him.

CATHERINE

Why? I don't know. Maybe because you were never home, or all you did was fight when you were. Or maybe, just maybe, it was cause you were banging the blonde from marketing.

James deflates.

JAMES

How am I such a fuck up?

CATHERINE

Don't know.

JAMES

How is she?

CATHERINE

How do you think she is?
Heartbroken, betrayed. She's
miserable. After everything she put
up with, the late nights, becoming
a random person at the drop of a
hat, only for you to run around
with another women. She's crushed.

JAMES

How can I apologize for something I
haven't even done yet?

CATHERINE

You could start by not doing it.

JAMES

How? How do I know which turns to
take and which to pass by? How do I
make sure I get you and your mother
by not destroy everything else?

CATHERINE

I'm sixteen, how the hell should I
know? For starters could try
keeping your pants on.

JAMES

That's a fair point. I can't even
get on you for being disrespectful
cause I'm not your father yet. That
and your father seems to be a bit
of a scum bag.

CATHERINE

Worst part is it's not even worth
it.

JAMES

What do you mean?

CATHERINE

That job... it kills you. You die
bitter and alone with nothing to
show for it.

JAMES

So what? I should quit? What if
quitting means I don't meet your
mother?

CATHERINE

At this point... She'd be better
off.

Catherine waves over the waiter, as she flips open her menu.

EXT. FANCY RESTURANT - MOMENTS LATER

James and Catherine exit out of the resturant onto the street. They head for the parking lot when and old friend calls out to James.

ADAM

James!

James turns around to see and older and worn down Adam.

JAMES

Adam?

The two men approach each other.

ADAM

Hey man, long time no see.

JAMES

Tell me about it.

James looks over to his daughter.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Catherine this is my old buddy
Adam, Adam this is my daughter
Catherine.

Adam looks at James like he's lost his mind.

ADAM

Yeah I know who your daughter is.
Babysitted this kid more times than
I can count.

How's Sarah?

JAMES

Who?

ADAM

Your wife.

JAMES

Oh, right. Um, she left me
apparently.

ADAM

Damn. I'm sorry to hear that. How
long ago?

CATHERINE
Couple monthes.

ADAM
Wow, that must be really hard on
you.

JAMES
How have you been?

ADAM
Same actually. Jen and I just went
through a messy devorce. Seems she
was banging the neighbor.

JAMES
Ouch.

ADAM
Yeah, it happens.

Anyway it was good seeing you, we
should go out some time, hit up a
diner like old times.

JAMES
Defiantly.

ADAM
Alright I'll shoot you and e-mail.

Adam gives him a wave good bye and continues on his way.

JAMES
Sarah, huh?

CATHERINE
You weren't supposed to know that.

JAMES
I'm not supposed to know a lot of
things. It's not like things can
much worse.

James looks around.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Now, were are we parked?

CATHERINE
Around the back. And you let me
drive.

James laughs.

JAMES

Nice try.

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM - AFTERNOON

James sits with his head down on his desk, resting. He jolts awake, quickly realizing he's back in his office. Remembering the message his co-worker passed along before he heads off to payroll.

James stands in the doorway to Peggy's office, lightly knocking on the frame to get her attention. The ageing woman looks up from her computer.

JAMES

I was told you wanted to see me?

PEGGY

Sure did. Come on in.

James takes a seat across from her desk, which is covered in picture frames and knit knacks, leaving James to wonder how she finds room to work.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

There was a problem with the servers. Some of the checks weren't sit out for direct deposit so I'm afraid you'll be getting a paper check this week.

The woman takes out a clip board and an envelope, and hands them both to James.

JAMES

Okay.

PEGGY

Just sign here and you can be on your way.

James complies with the woman's order and hands her back the clipboard.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

James sits on the couch watching tv, his laptop nowhere in sight. Adam enters the apartment, throwing some mail on the counter.

ADAM

Hey.

JAMES

What's up?

Adam grabs a can of soda from the fridge and makes his way to the recliner.

ADAM

How you been, man. It's like I never see you anymore.

JAMES

Been busy with work. Every time I go to leave there seems to be one more thing I can do. Next thing I know it's dark out.

ADAM

You must like it there.

JAMES

Yeah, I guess.

I'm actually thinking about quitting.

ADAM

What? Why? You're making like three times what you were before.

JAMES

I don't know. I haven't written anything in weeks. Can't seem to find time to relax let alone think. Shannon's getting mad at me for never having time for her.

At some point I have to ask myself if it's worth it.

ADAM

So you toil in the cubicles for a little while. Soon enough you'll be big shot like your brother, spend your days playing golf and chasing skirts.

JAMES

Maybe.

What have you been up to?

ADAM

Looking at engagement rings.

JAMES
Holy shit, really?

ADAM
Yep. I think I might finally be ready to take the plunge. We've been dating for almost four years now. And what can I say, I love her.

JAMES
That's a big step, not just for your relationship, but for you too. Marriage is a big deal, it changes you.

ADAM
I think I'm ready. Get married, have kids. Seems like a nice life.

JAMES
(Distant)
Yeah, it does.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

James exits the bathroom in his pajamas. He shuffles across the room to his bed, laying down and turning out the light.

The weary James settles in to the bed, his head sinking into the pillow. Suddenly he seizes with pain as it feels like a railroad spike is being forced through his head from the inside out.

His hands jump to his head as he curls in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM/MEETING ROOM - MORNING

A middle aged James stands in front of a screen, giving a presentation to his coworkers. His smile vanishes as the clicker falls from his hand. One hand goes to his aching head as the other steadies himself on the table. A cry of agony is forced through clenched teeth as his coworkers rush to his aid.

CUT TO:

INT. FINANCIAL FIRM/JAMES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

James, now and old man, stands in the open window of his office. He reels back as his vision comes into focus, seeing the multiple story drop onto the busy city streets below. He steadies his old weary legs in the window, afraid of falling.

He feels a paper flutter in his hand as the breeze flies through the window. Carefully moving it in front of his face he sees the picture of an old man on the front page. The man's hand attempts to block the camera while the headline reads: EMBEZZLEMENT EXPOSED.

The paper is ripped from his hand by a strong breeze as his tired knees threaten to buckle. James looks down at his wrinkled, gnarled hands, knowing he is the old man in the picture.

Another gust of wind blows through the skyscrapers, James' grip on the window frame slips, he's knees buckle. Struggling to retain his balance, he falls forward out of the window.

The old man plummets towards the rapidly approaching street below.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

James bolts upright in his bed, awakening to the sounds of his own screams. His chest heaves as the air rushes in and out of his lungs. His hands gripping the bed with all his might for the hope of something solid beneath him.

Slowly, he calms down. His breathing slowing. It's only then does he realizes there's a note pad in lap. James settles against the headboard, picking up the notepad as he tries to slow his breathing.

OLD MAN JAMES (V.O.)

I don't expect you to understand.
You're just a kid, what do you
know.

Yeah I made mistakes, but who
doesn't?

In the end, I only regretted one
thing. It wasn't the money I stole
or the affairs I had. It wasn't
even the missed time with Cat.

(MORE)

OLD MAN JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only thing I truly felt sorry
for was the misery I caused Sarah.
Once upon a time I loved that woman
with all my heart. Somewhere along
the way I lost that.

If you love that woman as I did,
you best let her go. There's a
darkness in us, a poison. No good
can come to that woman by being
with us.

In the end all I can say is that
for better or for worse I made my
choices.

Guess it's time for you to make
yours.

Sorry I failed you,

James.

James lets the notepad fall back on to his lap, lost in his
thoughts.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - MORNING

James and Joseph stand on the golf course in the early
morning. Joseph stands next to his ball, sizing up his shot.

JOSEPH

Can you at least tell me why?

JAMES

I wish I could. Truth is I don't
really know why. It's a good job.
As much as I love teasing you for
working in a soulless factory where
drones live for calculating pi,
it's a great place to work. And I
actually like the in's and out's of
it.

JOSEPH

Then why leave?

Joseph swings the club, connecting with the ball to send it
down range.

JAMES

I'm not happy.

James puts his own ball on the tee.

JOSEPH

It's a job, it's not supposed to make you happy.

James positions himself next to the ball, lining up his own shot.

JAMES

It's not that. I don't mean I'm not happy at work. I mean I'm not happy at all. I come home worn out, barely able to think straight. I sit in front of the TV for an hour, maybe two letting my brain veg out on some sitcom or other, just to get up and do the whole thing all over again.

I've been there what, three months already?

JOSEPH

Four.

JAMES

And I couldn't tell you a damn thing I did other than work in those past months.

James takes a forceful swing at the ball, hitting it down towards Joseph's.

JOSEPH

You're getting better.

JAMES

Thanks.

The two put their clubs away and hop in the golf cart.

JOSEPH

That's life. We work, we party on the weekends and we die.

James hits the accelerator on the cart as they drive down toward their balls.

JAMES

I can't accept that. What's the point if I'm not happy? So I can retire in a bigger house?

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Why get to the end of my life with
a big pile of money if I'll be too
old and tired to use it?

JOSEPH

So you can sleep on it like Scrooge
Mc Duck. I plan to be buried on
mine.

James laughs as they get to their balls. The two hop off the
cart and repeat their earlier dance.

JAMES

With how fat you're getting you'll
need a lot of it.

JOSEPH

Hey! I've been keeping up with my
vegetables.

Joseph says throwing his arms up.

JAMES

Lettuce and tomato on a triple
bacon cheeseburger don't count.

James says walking past him. Arriving at their balls he turns
to look back at his brother.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You got to keep your weight in
check or that coffin of cash will
be here sooner rather than later.

JOSEPH

I'm sorry, for a minute there I
thought I was playing the back nine
with Mom.

Joseph sets himself up next to the tee, steadying himself for
a shot.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Look, if you want to chase your
dreams or commune with butterfly
chasing hippies, don't let me be
the one to stop you. You got
nothing to prove to me or anyone
else. It's your life, you're the
one that has to live with it.

Joseph swings, sending the ball onto the green with a
charming smile.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
How's that girlfriend of yours
anyway, the blonde?

James sets his ball up.

JAMES
Shannon? We broken up.

JOSEPH
Aww, how come?

James positions himself next to the ball, preparing for his shot.

JAMES
It got to complicated. I didn't
have time for her, we started
arguing a lot. She really cared
about me, but I'm not sure how
strongly I felt about her.

Thought it was best to let her go
before things got to messy.

James swings the club back.

JOSEPH
(As James swings)
You should give me her number.

James swings the club, hitting the ball at a bad angle and sending his ball away from the green, much to the delight of his brother.

Joseph shares a laugh at his brother's expense as James drops his head in mock disappointment at the bad shot, smiling in spite of himself.

INT. BANK - MORNING

James enters the busy bank. Tellers help customers at the counter while others stand in line, eager to conduct their business and be on their way.

James walks over to the kiosk in front, with his check in hand. He slides up next to an attractive young woman wearing a white shirt and jeans, and picks up a deposit slip. He begins to fill out as the woman next to him does the same.

The woman shakes her pen as it runs out of ink. Looking for another one she sees the pen holder's in front of her are empty, but those to the other side of James are full of fresh pens.

WOMAN

Excuse me, can you hand me one of those.

She say, pointing to the pens.

JAMES

Here.

James says, handing her his pen.

WOMAN

Thanks.

He looks up at her for the first time, instantly recognizing her as the woman from his future. He see's Sarah standing before him, a polite smile of thanks on her face.

The pain hits while he's lost in the image of her. Causing him to squeeze his eyes shut and lower his head, a grunt of pain slipping out.

Ever compassionate, Sarah puts a steadying hand on his shoulder.

SARAH

Are you alright?

JAMES

Yeah, Sarah, I'm fine.

He says recovering.

SARAH

(Suspicious)

How did you know my name?

JAMES

Uh, lucky guess.

He offers sheepishly. She isn't amused, glaring back at him. James thinks fast, coming up with better answer.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's on your deposit slip.

He clarifies, as if it was a joke that didn't pan out. She looks down at her slip, seeing her name scrawled across the top in large letters.

SARAH

Oh, right.

James reaches for a pen and returns to filling out his slip, as if trying to move past the moment, attempting to play it cool even through his mind is racing.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, thanks for the pen.

JAMES

No problem.

Sarah gets in line, with James soon behind her. They advance in line as customer after customer is called to the counter. Soon it's Sarah's turn as she approaches a clerk to conduct her business. James is called next and approaches his own clerk. He keeps his gaze trained on Sarah, unable to take his eyes off her.

CLERK

What can I do for you today?

James flicks a look at the teller as if he forgot why he was there. He slides his deposit slip into the window.

The teller looks it over.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Account number?

JAMES

Huh?

James says looking over at the clerk.

CLERK

(Impatient)

Account number?

JAMES

Oh, crap, I never remember it.

CLERK

Do you have your card?

JAMES

Sure.

James fishes out his wallet, shooting a quick glance over to Sarah.

Looking back at the teller, he pulls out his ATM card and hands it to the clerk.

The clerk types the number into the computer and hands it back to him, James quickly putting it back in wallet. When he looks back over Sarah is finishing up her transaction, putting the bank slip in her purse.

CLERK

Okay, looks like we're almost finished, I just need you to sign here.

The clerk slides a slip through the window. James snatches it out of her hand, quickly signing it and shoving it back through the window. The clerk prints off his receipt and hands it to him through the window. When James looks back over, Sarah is gone. He spins to look at the door as it swings shut.

INT. JAMES AND ADAM'S APARTMENT - MORNING

James burst into the apartment, swinging the door shut behind. He rushes over to the coffee table, flipping open his laptop as quickly as his limbs can manage. He frantically opens his writing program and types as fast as his fingers can dance across the keyboard, a joyous grin spreading across his face.

INT. MARK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

James sits across from his agent, nervously taping his fingers against his legs as Mark reads through the final pages of the script.

MARK

This... this is good. Surprisingly good.

He finishes the last page and sets the script down on his desk.

MARK (CONT'D)

Why the depart from sci-fi?

JAMES

It has time travel, that's sort of sci-fi.

MARK

Not as sci-fi as space monsters eating marines. Any ideas for the title?

JAMES
I was thinking Sorry I Failed You.

MARK
I like it.

I thought you had given up writing.

JAMES
Me too. It feels good to be writing again. Like I found a lost love.

Mark nods.

MARK
Well it's certainly worth pushing. I want you to redraft it of course, clean it up.

James nods as if that's a given.

MARK (CONT'D)
But in the mean time I'll start sending it to some of contacts, see if we can't make a deal.

JAMES
(Ecstatic)
Awesome.

Mark reaches across the desk to shake James' hand.

MARK
Congratulations James, you're a professional writer.

JAMES
Thank you, really, thanks.

He says as they shake.

INT. ADAM AND JEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

James enters to find the apartment decorated with balloons and banners for Adam and Jen's engagement party. People stand around drinking from plastic cups discussing events of the day.

James makes his way across the apartment to Adam.

JAMES
Hey.

Adam turns around with a big smile.

ADAM
Hey! You made it.

The two friends hug.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I thought you big Hollywood types
didn't have time for us little
guys.

JAMES
Yeah, yeah.
Good party.

ADAM
Yeah man. Grab a drink, relax. And
I want to hear all about what
you've been up too.

James heads off to the drinks, letting Adam return to his
conversation.

Arriving at the table he looks over the selection, when Sarah
walks up next to him.

SARAH
Well look who it is.

James turns, shocked to see Sarah.

JAMES
Shit.

SARAH
Shit?

JAMES
Uh, yeah. As, in, this party is the
shit.

James pours punch into a cup.

SARAH
Yeah it's pretty cool. They really
know how to put on a good time. You
know Adam or Jen?

JAMES
Adam. He and I are old roommates.
Known him for years. You?

James takes a sip from the cup.

SARAH

Went to college with Jen. It's weird seeing you here, for a minute there I thought you were stocking me.

JAMES

You do look like someone I would stalk.

SARAH

So what do you do?

JAMES

Other than stalk attractive woman? I'm apparently a writer.

SARAH

Apparently?

JAMES

It snuck up on me. Seems to happen to me a lot lately. You?

SARAH

Teacher.

JAMES

Nice.

SARAH

Yeah, I like it.

Well, I should get back to Jen. She made me promise I wouldn't let her drink to much.

JAMES

Good luck with that.

SARAH

I'll try my best.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM AND JEN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

James stands outside on the balcony, limply holding his cup between his hands. Inside the party continues on without him. He stares up at the night sky, trying to collect his thoughts away from the noise of the party.

Sarah walks out onto the balcony and joins him.

SARAH
Is this what writer's do? Stare
wistfully at the stars, looking
mopey at his best friend's party?

JAMES
I don't look mopey.

SARAH
Yeah you do.

JAMES
Aren't you supposed to be keeping
the bride to be from getting
wasted.

Sarah flirting touches James' fore arm.

SARAH
I lost that war hours ago.

So why are you out here instead of
in there.

JAMES
That awful music was giving me a
headache. Thought I'd get some air.

SARAH
I think whoever put together the
music for tonight did a great job.

JAMES
Who that someone be you?

SARAH
Maybe. So come on, what's on your
mind.

JAMES
Does there have to be something on
my mind?

SARAH
Well there's no way my amazing
music could drive you out here, so
it must be something.

Girl trouble?

JAMES
Perhaps.

SARAH

Ah, now we're getting somewhere.
What happen, some pretty girl break
your heart.

JAMES

No.

SARAH

Oh, so you broker her heart.

JAMES

Not exactly.

SARAH

Come on James, work with me here

JAMES

How did you know my name.

SARAH

Lucky guess.

Jen told me.

JAMES

Was this before or after she was
drunk.

SARAH

During would be more accurate. And
quit trying to change the subject.

JAMES

Alright... Say...

Say you met a girl. A lovely,
intelligent, funny girl. The girl
of your dreams.

SARAH

Okay.

JAMES

And the moment you met this girl
you fell for her head over heels.
But you knew, deep down inside you
that no matter what you did it
would end badly.

A year from now or five years from
now or a hundred years from now it
would end in tears and broken
hearts for you both.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Would you still go for it?

SARAH

I don't know. That's a tough one. I guess it comes down to whether or not the happiness of your time together would be worth the pain you suffered after.

JAMES

It's not my pain I'm worried about.

SARAH

Well you can't make that decision for her. It's noble to want to protect someone but in the end you have to let them make their own decision.

You don't know how it's going to turn out. There's a million variables, a billion different outcomes to something as complex as a relationship. I say go for it. Life's too short.

JAMES

Maybe.

Another woman from the party comes out onto the balcony.

WOMAN

Hey Sarah, Jen's calling for you from the bathroom.

SARAH

Wonderful. Well, duty calls.

The woman heads back inside, with Sarah following. Sarah stops in the doorway, turning back to James.

SARAH (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, I think whoever this girl is, she'd be happy to have you.

JAMES

She'd be wrong.

Sarah heads back inside.

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Adam and Jen exit the church, newly married amongst great fan fair. The married couple dip into a limo as their family and friends cheer them on.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - AFTERNOON

James stands off to the side of the ballroom, watching Adam and Jen sitting at the long table at the head of the room. The married couple smiles and laughs amongst family and friends.

James' phone RINGS.

JAMES

Hello?

MARK (O.S.)

It's Mark. How was the wedding?

JAMES

Good. I'm at the reception now.

MARK (O.S.)

Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt. Just got a call from the studio, they're wondering how things are coming along.

JAMES

Good. I finished one of the scripts last night, should have the other one done sometime this week.

MARK

Great, great. Well I'll let you get back to it. Enjoy yourself, you've earned it.

JAMES

Will do.

James puts his phone away with a smile on his face.

SARAH

Someone looks happy.

Sarah walks up to him wearing a bridesmaid's dress.

JAMES

You know it's starting to look like you're stalking me.

SARAH

I'm the bride's maid. I have to be here.

JAMES

Good point.

SARAH

I'm surprised Adam didn't pick you as his best man.

JAMES

Brother's come first.

SARAH

Wouldn't know. Don't have any.

(Pause)

I saw your movie, Sorry I Failed You.

JAMES

Oh yeah? What did you think?

SARAH

It was good. Except for the ending.

JAMES

You didn't like it?

SARAH

How could you end it like that? Him just letting her go? That's such bullshit. She's his soulmate he has to go after her.

JAMES

But he would have destroyed her. He was a monster by the end.

SARAH

So? Haven't you ever seen beauty and the beast? Beast can be slain.

JAMES

Not the most romantic of solutions but I see where your going with it.

They smile, enjoying themselves.

SARAH

Did you ever fix your lady problem?

JAMES

Huh? Oh, there never was a lady.
That was about the script.

SARAH

Oh. Cool.

JAMES

Cool?

SARAH

Just good to know.

(Pause)

So, Mr. Writer man, care to help a
bride's maid not feel so jealous by
offering her a dance?

She motions toward the dance floor.

JAMES

I shouldn't.

SARAH

What's to fear from a dance? What's
the worse that could happen?

JAMES

Suicide comes to mind.

SARAH

Ouch. Would my dancing scar you
that badly?

JAMES

No. Nothing would make me happier
than offering you this dance.

SARAH

Then offer it.

JAMES

I wouldn't want you to get hurt.

(covering)

I'd step on your toes.

SARAH

Ah, is the beast worried this
princess will be crushed under his
paws?

JAMES

And then some.

Sarah steps forward, taking his hand in hers.

SARAH
Worry not, dear prince. Beast are
meant to be slain.

She pulls his hand, leading him out to the dance floor.

FADE OUT: